contated with ideas of Italy—a fleet of metionless vassels with travelling banners and myrads of diamond-like drops sparkling on the pland waters; for a background, mist and haze, suggesting much but revealing northing.

A little before noon a breeze came stesing up from the "northard" and soon covered the water with wavelets. Hurrah! It looked like a race at last. From the Electra the police boat Patrol was maked to clear the starting line and the Electra lent her assistance by several fierce, impatient toots. It was hard work getting the steamboats and tings out of the way, for they had clustered as thick about the vachus as small boys around an empty molasses barrel. But it was accomplished at last after a great deal of hoarse grumbling from brass thoats and some vigorous language.

The Thistle boisted her auchor, and the way she walked through the water filled people with apprehension. Licutenant Zalinski agranged the electrical attachment which would enable the gun to be discharged from the bridge. The Volunteer, too, lifted her anchor and began to show something of her paces. Then people didn't feet quite so apprehensive. The two yachts continued making short tacks north of the starting line, the Volunteer with her jib topsail up in stops. Hurch again! There is to be a race. At 12:20 the preparatory gun is fired and a minute later a pigeon circles twice around the E ectra before conveying the poyful news to New-York. The suspense is intense—so intense that some nervous person touches a button on the bridge only three minutes after the preparatory gun is fired and a minute later a pigeon circles twice around the E ectra before conveying the poyful news to New-York. The suspense is intense—so intense that some nervous person touches a button on the bridge only three minutes after the preparatory gun is fired. But those on the yachts perceive that it is a blunder, as it is not accompanied by the appropriate signals, and no ham is done though it frigitened the Regatta Committee. The Volunteer breaks out her j

THE SCOTSMAN GETS OFF AHEAD.

Both yachts are on the port tack north of the line. The Thistie goes about like a top and heads the line on the port tack. The Volunteer follows hundred yards astern. At 12:33:06 a short, sharp last from the steam whistle of the flagship an-

for the line on the port tack. The Volunteer follows a hundred yards astein. At 12:33:06 a short, sharp biast from the steam whistle of the flagship announces that the Thistle is over. Then every steamboat that can toot toots her level best. If the enthusiasm is bottled up longer something will burst. The whistle that announces the passage of the Volunteer over the line is lost in the volume of sound. But it was given at 12:34:584. Then all the steamers get in motion and scores of paddle-wheels and propellers churn up the water as the steamers start after the yachts and close in upon them.

At 12:39 the linistle goes about on the starboard tack, crossing the bows of the Volunteer and compelling her to keep off a little. The Volunteer follows suit at 12:41. They are smart jockeys, though, on the Volunteer, and they'll get even for the little trick—all fair, though—that the Thistle played on them. At 12:44 the Volunteer, which had been crawling to windward of the Thistle, went about, foreing the Thistle to follow suit at 12:46, the Volunteer gaining both the wind and the windward position. The Thistle runs into a caim right in the neck of the Narrows which the Volunteer escapes by standing in close to the Staten Island shore. The Thistle hangs there for a few minutes. It is most exasperating luck for the Thistle, and to make it worse there goes up a joyous chorus from nearly every steam whistle in the fleet.

The Volunteer, carrying a good breeze while her rival is becalmed, goes sliding through the Narrows and it begins to be observed that the Volunteer is "no slouch" of a boat after all in light weather. There are many people who thought that all along. The steamers crowd around the luckless Thistle notwithstanding the frantic efforts of those on the bridge of the Electra to get them to hold back. They can't well help it; the Narrows are like the neek of a bottle, and a large fleet going through must converge there.

At 1.05 the Thistle caicnes a breeze—a faint one—and is wafted out of her unfortunate predicame

THE VOLUNTEER INCREASES HER LEAD. The fleet-footed Volunteer continues to open the gap between her and the Thistle and besides lies ser to the wind. Many people remark that beam can't compensate a cutter for the lack of a centreboard in windward work, and "I told you so," i board in windward work, and I told you so, is heard on every side from people eager to gain credit for foresight, though sbrewd ones suspect that it is hindsight merely which prompts the observation. At 1:33 the Volunteer goes about but holds the starboard tack only three minutes, tacking again at 1:36. The two boats are now in line on the same tack and it is seen that the Volunteer is half a mile at 1:36. The two boats are now in line on the same tack and it is seen that the Volunteer is half a mile to windward of the cutter. The Thistle tacks at 1:39 and five minutes later crosses the stern of the white sloop, but from the deck of the Thistle that narrow stern mu t look quite kinfe-like for it is a mile away. The wind now fails lighter and for some time the yachts make little headway with it against the flood tide. At 1:40 the wind backs to the southeast, a shift that helps the Volunteer, enabling her to lay her couse nearer to the Southwest Spit. She drops the black cutter steadily; there is no change in the situation to cheer the Scotsmen, nothing to give them the faintiest hope that they may yet pluck victory from the jaws of defeat. It is a procession with the white sloop at the head of it and the cutter at the tail and a big hass of cutters wedged in between them. The proud motto of the Thistle, "None touch me with impunity," avails nothing. They laugh at it on the Volunteer. The Thistle does not even treat them to the excitement of a race. Nover before did the Volunteer. Decrees now she may well be called, so easily shake off a competitor, It is "a cold day" for the Scotsmen, and many expressions of sympathy are heard for pretty Mrs. Bell, who, on the Mohican, witnesses the mournful spectacle.

JOY OVER THE YANKEE'S FINE WORK. The Volunteer passes to starboard of Buoy No. 10 at 2:21:03. Nearly all the steamboats are there to see her do it, and they "whoop her up" in steamboat fashion as loudly as brass lungs and unbounded enthusiasm will permit, and that is saying a great deal. The bands, too, get in their work, playing "Yenkee Doodle," "Lo! the Conquering Hero Coures," and other patriotic airs calculated to afrod relief to the seelings under such inspiring circumstances, but music hasn't much show against lungs inflated by steam.

The Volunteer darts into the thick of the steamboat fleet, which parts to make way for her, and soop appears only as a slanting line of white from the Electra, which tarries to time the Thistle. At 2:27:45 a discordant tooting, not so loud as before, announces that the Volunteer has passed another mark in the race, Buoy No. 8<sup>19</sup>.

The Thistle passes Buoy No. 10 at 2:36:45. She gets only a few consolatory toots, for most of the steamers are following in the wake of the victorious Volunteer, and the Thistle gets some of their wash. bounded enthusiasm will permit, and that is saying

The following table tells the story of the race to

| Volunteer, start | H. M. R.<br>12:34:584<br>2:21:03 |
|------------------|----------------------------------|
| Elapsed time     | 1:46:04%<br>12:33:06<br>2:36:45  |
| Elapsed time.    | 2:03:39                          |

Making allowance for everything, running into a caim streak soon after the start, interference by steemers and bad luck generally, it is a tremendous beat, which will set people to thinking and perhaps make Designer Watson wish that he had tried "to do the trick with a 100-ton Doris." The Volunters tipsalong with such an easy, graceful motion that it

make Designer Watson wish that he had tried "to do the trick with a 100-ton Doris." The Volunteer slipsalong with such an easy, graceful motion that it deceives the observer as to the speed she is making. There is no fuss about it at either bow or stern. The Thistle, too, moves easily and gracefully, keeling over a little more than does the Volunteer and making fully as beautiful a picture, but somehow, as some one on board the Electra puts it, "she doesn't get there like the other boat." It is not the point of the Hook. Thereafter they he their course, close-hauled, to the Sandy Hook Lightship. The wind is found to be a little fresher after the yachts get outside the Hook and the sea is a trifle lumpy. The Volunteer keels over more, but yet her lee rail is always several inches above the water; the white foam that starts from her shoulder gets broader and the waves make nervous little jumps at her addes in the vain attempt to get outside the Hook and the waves make nervous little jumps at her addes in the vain attempt to get over her lee rail. The steamers cluster thick about the hightship to see the Volunteer round it. Those on board can't restrain their impationce or enthusiasm, and a big section of pandemonium is the result before the Volunteer gets there. The discordant sounds swell louder when the Volunteer rounds for the steamers are ridding themselves of a double amount of pent-up noise, for they will not tarry for the Thistle.

THE VOLUNTERE ROUNDS THE LIGHTSHIP. THE VOLUNIERE ROUNDS THE LIGHTSHIP.

The Volunteer rounds the Sandy Hook Lightship at S:42:12. There is a scampering of men on her decks; sheets are eased off, and with the wind abeam she is off on the homestretch at a rice that bids defiance to any persuor, and too Thistie, hull down, shows as but a white strend of sail approaching the lightship. Through a glass a grin can be seen on the face of old—Hank "Haff, who is at the wheel of the Voluniers of the Voluniers of the whole of the Voluniers of the seen of the Voluniers of t

teer, as he casts a glance at the rival yacht. General Paine and Mr. Bargess look radiant, and so do all the seamen. There is only one unhappy face on board. It is that of Mr. Wylie, a Scotsman and a Thistle man, who wanted to sail on the Thistle, but much against his wish was assigned to the Volunteer as the Thistle's representative.

It was 4:01:15 when the Thistle rounds the lightship and eases off her sheets for the run back, taking down her baby jib-topsail and replacing it with a larger one.

The following figures show what the boats have done from Buoy No. 10 to the Lightship:

Volunteer, Buey 10......Lightship. 1:21:09 Elapsed time..... 1:24:30

GREETING THE VICTOR AT THE FINISH. It is no section of pandemonium, but pandem nium itself, that greets her. Everything that can make a noise does its level best, and guns flash and bang right and left, as though some flash and bang right and left, as though some naval fight were underway. Peeriess Volunteer! Well has she won the title. With scarce as much as a little tug to escort her the Thistie swoops down on the timish line. Beautiful she looks as she glides swiftly before the breeze with every stitch of canvas drawing and her spinnaker setting perfectly. It is hard to understand how she got so far behind. There is only one explanation of it, the fault is not with the Thistle, but the Volunteer happens to be the faster boat. It is hard work to keep the finish line clear for the Thistle, but it is done after much exertion and the Thistle crosses at 5:45:5234, beaten as she was never beaten before. But she is greeted with abundance of noise, if there is any consolation for her in that. The Scotsmen acknowledge the salute by cheering but they are forced and feeble cheers. No wonder, they have good cause to feel disconsolate. late. The following table shows the official record of

the race:
Name.
Start.
h. m. s.
h. m. s Thus the Volunteer won by 19 minutes, 23<sup>3</sup>4, seconds corrected time. The Volunteer's time in the run from the Sandy Hook Lightship to the finish line was 1:46:04<sup>1</sup>4 and the Thistie's 1:44,37<sup>3</sup>4, the Thistie gaming 1 minute 26<sup>1</sup>2 seconds over this part of the course.

THE FLEET THAT FOLLOWED THE RACERS. A BRILLIANT SCENE IN THE BAY-HUNDREDS OF BOATS FILLED WITH MERRY PARTIES.

The Signal Service men's promise of fair weather and light southerly winds for the great yacht race came true only after many imparient hours of whistling. There was almost no sign of breaking in the heavy yellow haze and fog which hung upon the harbor till long after the

appointed hour of starting.
Sails drooped idiy and bunting ceiled lazily about the flag-poles, and slack ropes and the hopes of the holders of all-day tickets at \$5 a head on the big steamers, fell with the expiring pulls that breathed more and more faintly across the upper Bay from the direction of the Narrows. The fog was dense enough to cover old Castle William when the press tug Talisman steamed down the harbor for the starting point. The base of the big statue on Bediow's Island was hidden in the mist and only a bit of her arm and torch showed dimit through the thinner haze up beyond the tops of the masts of the passing

Down toward Staten Island all was gray and lowering now toward Staten inland an wag gray and the little forest of poles over by the Bay Ridge anchorage ground had disappeared entirely. The Thistle lay across at Tompkinsville, but her tall must was nearly bare and her decks uncleared for action. A few tugs stirred about and kept up the spirits of those on board by wheezing and blowing. The big Electra, Commodore Gerry's flagship, could be seen off Cwl's Head, but the swarms of yachts, tugs and steamers that make the first of the Cup races at once a gay parade and a nolsy, bustling picture of harbor life were all missing.

A TINY RIFT IN THE FOG.

By 9 a. m. a tiny rift in the fog had broken over by the Leng island hills, the haze and mist in the air lightened, and the dull, blackish surface of the bay grew more down from the North and East Rivers, slugly, in pairs or in groups, came tugs, sailing craft and steamers, a dewheelers, propellers, barges, steam yachts, launches, boats of all sizes, shapes and colors. The little fleet of yachts near Bny Ridge hoisted fail, and the sloops and cutters backed, filled and manceuvred for positions for the start-

and the Poritan were grouped at one edge of the anchor-age ground. Off to the north of them, swinging coolly at anchor, was the Volunteer, with foresails set and the mainsail awinging lazily as the wind came in little puffs. mainsail awinging 12211y as the water came in movement. For half an hour the new iron aloop made no movement. But all the while the big harbor fleet had been gathering and by 10 o'clock the broad Upper Bay was one mass of jostling craft, gay with bunting, club flags, ensigns, streamers, red St. George crosses and stars and stripes. Nearly all the big harbor transportation companies had a steamer or two full of enthusiastic ticket-holders. The Iron Steamboat Company sent the Taurus, Cetus and Cygnus, the first chartered by the New-York Yacht Club for members and friends; the other two were thrown open to the public. The Old Dominion Steamship Company had the Guyandotte; John H. Starin sent the Laura M. Starin and the Pomona; the Old Colony Line was represented by the City of Brockton. The big excursion steamers Columbia and Grand Republic were black with sightseers and smothered in bunting. The Police Board had the Patrol on hand for duty. The Revenue officers were divided up between the Chester A. Arthur and the revenue cutter Grant.

No well known harbor steamer, in fact, missed the

big parade. By the time the yachts started there were in the Upper Bay the Crystal Wave, the St. Johns, the Frances, the Bay Ridge, the William Fletcher, the Cape Charles, the Albertina, the D. R. Martin, the Blackbird, the Anita, the Nantucket, the Sylvester and a dozen others. The new Olivette, a big propeller steamer, was out with 1,000 or more speciators. No steamboat of any size carried less than 500, and the total number of sightseers on them all must have been over 25,000.

MRS. BELL WEARS A THISTLE IN HER JACKET. Next to the big steamers in number and importance, and far ahead of them in the matter of display, came the steam yachts of the American Club. Jay Gould's Atalanta was the biggest and most followed of the home boats. The three-master Mohicau, owned by Mr. Clark, of the Thistie syndicate, was anchored in midstream, and her decks were crowded with the partisans of the Clyde alcop. Mrs. Bell, the wife of the Thistle's chief owner, stood on the bridge of the Mohican, with a

chief owner, stood on the bridge of the Mohican, with a commodore's cap on and a bright red and yeilow streaked parasol in her hand. With many of her friends she ware a thistle in her jacket.

Around these two the ether steam yachts gathered gradually. The Electra, of course, atood a little away on the imaginary starting line. But near the Mohican were J. Pierpont Morgan's Corsair, the Nooya, the Aida, the dazzlingly white Magnolia, Jacob Lorillard's Baron, Norman L. Munro's Norma, the Inada, the Montauk, the Restless s. I the Fra Diavolo. The little Now Then had ne occasion to show its speed yesterday, and could do nothing better show its speed yesterday, and could do nothing better than run mees around the fleet after two or three steam launches. All the steam yacats had parties aboard, those on the Medicas, Electra and Atalanta being the

those on the Mehicas, Electra and Atalanta being the largest and most notable.

Among the sailing yachts which followed the racers were Liceutenant Henn's Galatea, in her new coat of paint; C. Olivor Izelin's Titania, the veteran Dauntless, now painted white, and the fast schooner Sachem. Every aloop, catboat and schooner in and about the harbor tried to keep pace with the Volunteer out through the Narrows and from Sandy Hook back to the finish line. But the fleet successor of the Mayflower easily shook them all off, jeaving them hanging like a cloud of white along the course as far out as the point of the asady smit.

sandy spit.

The tugs were the noisiest and most unruly part of the flotilia. From the Talisman and Luckenbach down their lungs and boilers held good and they all got over the course with success and dispatch. The Seawanhaks Coristhian Yacht Club had chartered The Seawanness Corisinan Yacat Club had chartered the Luckenbach, and the New-York Athletic Club had a smaller tug called the Egbert Myers. The Vesburg carried a lot of Velutteer enthusiasts, who had a German band along with them. The Thomas Watt had a Thistle party aboard, appropriately enough, and before the race

the Scotchmen were sangulus enough to set a baspiper

The Emphatic Shanghai Association of Williamsburg The Emphatic Shanghal Association of Williamsburg had bired the A. F. Walcott for the day and brought that fact out with a big double transparency. The Shanghals were Volunteer boomers. Some of the other bigger tugs were the Cyclops, the Charm, the Bronx, the Ariosa, the Lewis Pulver, the A. A. Crawford, the Knickerbocker, the Moran, the G. H. Denz, the Ceres, the Rockaway, the Ordnance and the William Horre. There were over 100. Ordnance and the William Horre. There were over 100 tugs in all, each carrying from thirty to eighty passengers. A few steamers dropped down later, the Sam Sloan, the Henry E. Bishop, the Roanoke, the Sylvan Dell and the Shenandoah.

CHEERS FOR THE SCOTTISH YACHT. From 10 a. m. till nearly noon the big fleet lay in the Upper Bay, just off Owl's Head. The wind gave no sign of freshening and the judges were unwilling to hoist the blue peter, the signal for preparing to start. The Thistie of freshening and the judges were unwilling to noist deblue peter, the signal for preparing to start. The Thistie
got under way and ran through the fleet over toward the
Erie Basin. There were cheers for her on all sides, and
her men cheered in return to most of the greetings. Mr.
Bell and Mr. Watson were on deck dressed in yachtlag
suits. Captain Barr was standing amidships, busy with
orders for making and changing sail. Captain Block of
the Gracie, was a passenger, and so were Designer Willam Fife, of Fairlie; J. B. Hilliard, J. M. Ciark, Andrew,
Contes, Edgar Auchineloss and Captain Charlie Barr, a
brother of the Thistle's captain. The sloop ran with
wonderful case and speed in the light wind, and all the
Scolsmen on the bay were puffed with admiration.
The Volunteer came out later, taking a tow. Sheernised
about, too, for a little, walting for the signal on the
Electra to be raised. The Talisman ran under her bows
and got a hearty round of cheers. General Paine was
standing on deck, in a dark suit, and wearing a straw
hat. Designer Burgess was leaning against the wheel
chatting with one of the ship's officers. Captain Haff was
walking up and down, and the passencers, all except
"Joe" Elisworth, who was not in sight, were loiling
about the stern. Mr. Wyhe, the Thistle's representative
on the Yangees aloop, wore a black and yellow striped
bitzer and looked like a Princeton footbail rusher. Captain Terry, of the Grayling, and Captain Eerry, of the
Mystery, were both aboard the Volunteer.

EVERYBODY WAITING FOR THE START. The Electra's launch was kept busy all the morning chasing intruders off the starting line, and toward noon the Police Boat Patrol came to Commodore Gerry's as sistance. On most of the flotilia luncheon was served while the two racers cruised about above the line and waited. By 12 o'clock the sun had come out and a little wind was stirring from the south. Many of the weatherwise predicted no race, however. The blue peter finally crawled up to the top of the Electra's mast and the crowds in the bay applauded. The tugs tooled, crawled up to the top of the Electric street of the crowds in the bay applauded. The turs tooled, the big steamers blew hass notes and the more elegant steam yachts fired their small brass cannons. The Electric's two guns were another signal for applause, and the eastern section of the floutila raised a nubbub a minute or two later as the Thisdie glided by across the line. Then came the Volunteer, and the din was reionbled. Most of the boats coud not move and a big jam was imminent. The two racers got ahead fast enough, however, and the 200 ond craft spread like a fan in pursuit of them.

There were probably 30,000 people on the water at the time of the start, but that number of spectators was doubled by the crewis on both sides of the Narrows. The slopes back of Fort Tompkins were covered black with lines of sight-seers and the shore all allows was thick with them. Across at Fort Hamilton the big hotel balconies were jammed with men and women and the walls of Fort Hamilton were hidden from the water. So streat was the rush for places that many Staten Islanders put out in row boats a little distance to get a glimpse of the struggle between the two famous sloops.

The tall canvass of the racers made a fair mark, in fact, for the eye. The Thistle stood up a little straighter and her tall graceful topsail seems to put her a few feet above the neavier top canvass of her rival. The Voluneer leans far over to the left, burying her lee rail some times in the foam. The stress of canvass and

times in the foam. The stress of canvass and General Paine's clever steering have their effect quickly enough. To the fiect, 200 yards in the rear, it is plain before the two aloops reach the Narrows that the Scottish cutter has been outgeneralied and outsailed, and the big crowd smiles and settles down to a repetition of last year's steen chase.

The flottlia had been handled admirably at the start, but once through the Narrows, with the Volunteer a half mile ahead, the tags and steamers broke pell-mell for the leader, several of them running to the windward and shead of the Thistie, to her great disconfort. The same thing threatened the Velunteer down near one of the Sandy Hook Hay rounding buoys. Here the genuine Yankee shrewiness of the American yachtsman came to good use. General Paine had two canvas strips ready, on which were painted in big black letters "Keep Astern," and "Keep to Leeward." Two of the crew took turns in holding the inscription up for the benefit of the tugs and steamers behind, and the Yankee sloop was allowed to go the whole outward course without heing once interfered with.

THE CUTTER FOLLOWS THE SLOOP.

The Thistie worked her way down through the broken sea left her by the offending pilots, and after turning buoy No. 10 had a fair course both out and back. The Volunte's suffered instead on the run in from the Hook. The wind was light and the flottlia closing in on the winning sloop shut her out from the breeze and cramped her inovements considerably. But the Volunteer was a sure winner and General Paine let the interference pass without raising either of his placards.

The Volunteer had half the tugs in the parade for company on the run from Staten Island to Sandy Hoek. Part of the way down she ran just to windward of the pest-ship Alesia anchored in the Lower Bay and the pleasure boats turned off to give the unwelcome visitor a wide berth. The turning buoy just inside the Hook was a sort of rendezvous for the sight-seeing craft. Here more than fifty of them gathered to give the Volunteer a salute as she turned out to sea. All the whistles and guns were set going and a small pandemonium was raised again. Few craft waited for the Thistle to turn, for there was little chance of her getting there short of three-quarters of an hour, and the fleet as a whole steamed out for the Sandy Hook light ship.

THE CONTEST EARLY LOST ITS CHARM. long ago fizzled out. In the haze that still held on in the Lower Bay, from one still held on in the Lower Bay, from one boat nothing but a faint, tall pencil of white sail could be seen of the other. Near at hand either yacht showed grace, case, soft, stately lines of beauty. Beating to windward with jibs mainsail and it sail, beading over stiff against the breeze, both sloop and cutter were a dazzing picture of life and motion. But the charm of the race was over for most of the sightseers, and the run in against wind was the only excitement left for old vachtsmen.

the race was ever for most of the sightseers, and the run in against wind was the only excitement left for oid yachtsnen.

The Electra and the rest of the fleet were ranged in a circle about the Sandy Hook Lightship when the Volunteer turned and cut for home. After blowing and booming in her house most of the boats also started for home. The Thistie was so far behind that even the judges' boat could not wait for her.

The run in was made with a sharp breeze and in good time. The sun was just sinking behind a mass of clouds to the back of the Atlantic Highlands when the Yankee sloop made busy No. 10 on her way back and faced straight for home. The spinnakers were ready and the big extra sail was burst out amid the applause of the fleet. The band on the Vosburg struck up the Boulanger March as the V innteer bounded forward under her new spread of canvax. The steamers and yachts crowded in, but the Yankee boat held her own.

The top sheets of the Thistic could be seen three miles out from the Hook. Half way up toward the finish line the Volunteer ran by the Galatea. Lieutenant lienn was standing near the tiller and shook his sailer's cap vigorously at the victorious Boaton boat. His wife was en deck, too, in her red worsted Tam-O'-Shanter. She waved her handkerchief, and the crew of the Wolunteer cheered. The Lieutenant looked back toward the Thistie and smiled inwardly, she was getting a worse beating than the Mayflower gave his own enter last September.

An Easy Victory For The Volunteer.

AN EASY VICTORY FOR THE VOLUNTEER.

The Volunteer took things easily up to the finishing line. Half a mile down she passed the Sachem which set off a salute of two guns. Then the veteran Dauntless was overhanied and there was another salute. The Electra was waiting at her post, but so thick was the cluster of steamboats around her that nothing but the blue flag at the mainmast could show where the line blue flag at the mainmast could show where the line really was. The Volunieer ran across through a few yards of open space and kept right on up toward Bay Ridge. The thunders at her victory lasted fully five minutes. Thirty thousand people cheered themselves hoarse trying to compete with the cannon and steam whistles. The greater part of the fleet held on for the cutter's arrival. The heaten Thistle was still two miles and a half down the Bay. The wind had grown lighter the further in the racers got from Sandy Hook. The cutter had her spinnaker set, too, and came on under a stately pile of canvas. The sun was just losing itself behind the Jersey hills and showed only a blood-red quarter disc across the darkening Bay. The smoke of the fumigating houses on Hoffman feland rose like a gray curtain helween the fleet and the shore. As the twilight deepened the cutter stole up further and further, but the last raray of, the ann were too faint to show anything but an outline against the black of the ocean beyond. The Electra fired two guns as the Thistle crossed, and what was left of the fleet cheered and whistled again. The Scotsmen replied feebly and stood in for fompkinsville, refusing a tow. The big sik spinnaker was pulled down, and the bonnic cutter trailed along disconsolately at the heels of the fast disappearing fleet.

For the race to-morrow ever the outside course, the Iron Steamboat Company will put its entire fleet in service, the hoats leaving West Twenty-third-st., North River, and Bridge Dock, Brocklyn, at 8:45 a.m., and Frier New No. 1, North River, at 9:15. really was. The Volunteer ran across through a few yards

THE BACE WATCHED WITH GREAT INTEREST BY

THOUSANDS-SOME OF THE COMMENTS. Nothing so much encourages the population of New-York to emulate the early movements of that exemplary bird, the lark, as a yacht race. The dawn had scarcely peeped round the folds of Miss Liberty's bronze dress before New-York Harbor was astir with craft of all kinds from the lowly mudscow to the magnificent ocean yacht. Gayly colored flags with streamers reaching far behind were run up to a thousand peaks, and as each little put of wind came along it was hailed as the precursor of the noped for gale. The flags thrilled and quivered with enthusiasm and the streamers cracked like whiplashes wielded by an expert muleteer. Many of the owners of wisited by an expert materies. Saily of the wisches he night before, and immediately after they had breakfasted they weighed anchor and stood out for the Lower Bay. Their idea was to avoid the crush of the steam fleet in the Narrows when the yachts started, and by meeting them off the point of the Hook or when they turned Buoy No. 10 to see the most interesting part of the race.

The interest of the public in these contests is incon-ceivable to one who has not witnessed the display off Owl's Head. Persons are often heard to express wonder that men should go to such extraordinary expense as General Paine has gone now for three successive years

merely to defend a cup worth much less than the trophles that go to third-class sloops in an ordinary regatla. They would not wonder if they could see the novel spectacle of a great harior full of immense boats leaded down with crowds all gathered to honor his public spirit and to witness its result.

VIEWING THE RACE FROM THE OLIVETTE.

Among the many excursion boats was the fine new steambout recently built to earry the mails from Tampa to Havana, the Olivette. This fleet and well-appointed boat accommodated a party of about 500 people and gave them pleaty of room in which to move about. A soft, agreeable band entertained them with choice airs from the operas. Among her passengers were many amateur seamen, none more notable than Jules Montant. for so many years a member of the America's Cup Committee. He found the change from an official to a spectator highly pleasant, and took pleasure in discoursing from the operas. Among her passengers were many amateur seamen, more more notable than Jules Montant. for so many years a member of the America's Cup Committee. He found the change from an official to a spectator highly pleasant, and took pleasure in discoursing to bit founds in the market of the Russess hoats. He to his friends on the merits of the Burgess boats. He was delighted with the Volunteer and confident that her

best work had yet to be done.

From the deck of the Olivette the movements of the yachts in securing their places at the start made a beautiful spectacle. It can only be compared with the pre-liminary thrusts and passes of two expert awordsmen, who before closing in a death struggle are testing the temper of each other's bindes and the strength of each other's muscles. The Thistle had the advantage and kept it with exquisite skill. Her stately canvas seemed inspired with life and could almost be fancied to possess the human qualities of reason and foresight. It appeared to have eyes and to keep them bent keenly upon its rival's every motion. Around and around they moved, each engaged in an effort to circumvent the other, twisting and turning and filing away and eturning closer than ever to twist and turn again.

The movement of a great fleet of excursion steamers receping up behind two racers is both old and beautiful. They all glide along together as if drawn by a single cord or urged by a coincident motion. To stand upon one of their decks is like standing in the street of a moving city, all the houses and towers and steeples of which steal along without materially changing their relative positions, while the country round about remaining stationary, presents continually changing

To the crowd of spectators the race was disappointing. From the very start it lost the features of a race and they are not assumed again up to the finish. The obly race and beauty, but rather tiresome to contemplate all day through a spyglass, a great distance apart and drawing further and further away from each other all the

while. This couldn't be called exciting. It was impossible to arouse any particular enthusiasm over the spectacle and the people were forced to manufacture amusement for themselves.

In this respect the party on the Olivette were fortunate. They had the King of the Dudes, Berry Wall, with them, and when they wearied of the race he was always at hand to be looked at. He wore a checked suffer of the present of the race he was always at hand to be looked at. He wore a checked suffer of the present of the present of the property of the prop

The Thistic's maneuvre at the start was the subject of much comment among the yachtsmen on the Olivette and was generally condemned as an egregious binnder, it was thought that the talent aboard of her should have saved her from so coatly a step. The theory that the better pointing of the Volunteer would soon have resulted in blanketing her was rejected. "It was an unistakable error of judgment," and Mr. Montant, "however you may look at it. She had no reason for expecting a better breeze in under the shore and she was too far anead to hope to divert her rival from her course." From the moment the shoop drew off on her long tack, however, the interest in the contest flagged and when she rounded the buoy and stood away for the lightship the crowd gave itself up to the delights of the dining tables and the music of the bands.

A JOLLY PARTY FROM THE NEW-YORK YACHT CLUB. About 300 members of the New-York Yacht Club, many of them accompanied by ladies and others to the number of nearly twice as many more, viewed the race from the steamer Taurus. About 9 o'clock she steamed out from Fier No. 1, North River, flying the ensign of the New-York Yacht Club and carrying a merry party and rations enough to last one day at least. Treasurer F. W. J. Hurst was the acting Commodore for the occasion. Among others on board were ex-Commodore. George W. Kild, John S. Dickerson, Thomas B. Asten, Start H. Nichols, Lawrence Pike, Clarence C. Brown, J. Bruce ismay, E. C. Benedict, William P. Douglas, B. H. Van Auken, W. S. Nichols and E. N. Dickerson.

Few of the passengers of the Taurus had any expectation of an American victory when they saw the yachts start for the line, and many of them when they found in the morning that it was to be "Tinstic weather," had bet on the Scotchman. Among these was Captain Brown, of Salem, Mass., a member of the Eastern Yacht Club.

Brown, of Salem, Mass., a member of the Eastern Tacut Ciub.

"Better have stuck to my own country," was the Captain's observation as he saw the distance widening between the two boats with the Thistle doing the stein-chase act. In less than half an hour after the yacuts had crossed the line it was evident to everybody on the Taurus that the trip of the Scotchman over the sea had been labor lost.

"I must confess my astonishment," said ex-Commodore Kidd. "I came out here to see a race, and had made up my mind to the Thistle's winning, but this is the most one-sided aftair I ever saw."

NO NEED TO BUILD ANOTHER BOAT SOON. There was some cheering when the Volunteer passed after that it soon became so completely settled as to who would win that there was little outspoken exultation, and few cared to admit even to intimate friends that they had not honestly thought away down in their

boots that the Volunteer would beat every time.
"I don't think we need build a yacht again for ten "I don't think we need build a yacht again for ten years to come," said Captain Starr H. Nichols, "if this is a specimen of the best they can do on the other side of the water. In my opinion the Puritan and the Mayflower can either of them beat the Thistle, and I wouldn't be arraid to bet on the Atlantic or the Priscilla."

The general feeling of the New York Yacht Club as they returned with the rest of the craft and disembarked at Pier No. I was that they had passed a pleasant day and had euloyed a nice sail, but that they had not seen much of a race, and the universally expressed opinion was that if this was the best the Thistic could do in "Inistic weather" the Volunteer could beat her without trouble in any weather, over any course and under all possible conditions.

WELL-ENDWN MEN ON THE GEVANDOTTE

The Guyandotte, of the Old Dominion Steamship Line carried a party of 500 ladies and gentlemen from Pier No. 26, North River. The capacity of the vessel is 2,300, and the limitation in numbers left both room and

No. 26, North River. The capacity of the vesses is 2,300, and the limitation in numbers left both room and comfort for the guests. There were a number of the Thistle's friends on board and their open lamentations as the Volunteer overhauled and passed the Scotch yacht at the start caused much amusement. There was a constant shifting about to secure good positions to view the racers, and the rigging and unper deck were crowded. The Guyandotte had on board probably me most adventurous young lady of the day. She was a miss of seventeen years, in a bine sailor suit, and she climbed the rigging haif-way up the forward mast as the steamship lay off the Scotland Lightship waiting for the turning of the Volunteer.

Among others of her passengers were Colonel William Perry Forg, the well-known traveller; George I. Trson, the news dealer; J. J. Little, the publisher; D. Mililken, ir., secretary of the Union League Club; George H. Chase, H. C. Ward, Thomas E. Stewart, F. H. Stevens, Edward Fawcett, C. H. Harvey, J. H. Vernon, Dr. Huriburt, J. B. Hasemann, John T. Porter, Professor J. C. Cox , of Indiana; William Rowland, Severn Eyre, Paymaster Littlefield, U. S. N.; James E. Carpenter, J. L. Jewett, J. G. Flammer, Captain Brogan, Captain John A. Cross, Rear Commodore George A. Barker, of the New-Rochelle Yacht Club; Commodere Charles Preyer, of the New-Rochelle Yacht Club; John E. Nash and George I. Banks.

AN EFFICIENT FORCE ON THE STEAMER PAIROL-KEEPING VESSELS AWAY FROM THE RACERS.

The police officials who watched the race from the decks of the steamboat Patrol were surprised, if in-deed they were not a triffe disappointed, on account of the utter lack of collisions or accidents in the great fleet of boats. Unusual preparations had been made but the fifty policemen on the Patrol had nothing to do except to keep in their allotted positions and enjoy the race. The boat was prominent enough in the fleet, and her whistle made a great deal of noise in warning the craft back from the competing yachts, but it was plain that the captain of an ordinary tugboat was not a bit afraid of the police outside of the Narrows. Inthe boat, looked like an ideal commodore in his blue uniform with gold braid. Before the Patrol started down the liay he had the two life-boats slung down to the level of the rail behind the paddle-boxes, and they could have been launched and manned in a few seconds any time during the race. Two other boats on the forward deck and the life-raft on the hurricane-deck lines of hose were connected with the steam pumps, ready for use if a fire broke out on any of the excursion boats. Each policeman had a station assigned to him and kept it faithfully. Captain Smith, who was sailing-master, directed the movements of the "dandy boat and made himself hourse by shouting to the tugboat captains.

Inspector Williams, who went along in plain clothes, acted as vice-commodore. President French was the only Commissioner on board and he gave his advice to everybody who needed it. Sergeants Firth and Strauss, Roundsmen Gurker and McCormek and Foliceman Taylor had charge of the several boat crews. If an accident had occurred, the police undoubtedly would have performed effective work. Probably a few thousand persons who saw the race felt safer and happier because the Patroi was in the Beet.

THE MAIN DUTY OF THE TRIM STEAMER. Before 9 a. m. the Patrol went close to the Electra, and Inspector Byrnes inquired what, if anything, the police could do to help the Regatta Committee. The "Keep a clear space for the answer came back:

yachts if possible." "Will try," was the Inspector's comment.

About noon, whom it became apparent that there

read an article which had been published in "The London Times," criticising the two yachts, and made

le London Times," criticising the two yachts, and made his listeners rear with iaughter by suggesting what the editor of the paper would say about the race. From the hirricane-fleck of the Patrol it was possible to get a good view of the yachts and of the flect at all times, and it was remarked that care was taken by pilots of all the vessels to give the Thistic rair play. On the way from the Volunteer at times. The pilots of the tugboats Indian and Vosburg disregarded the signals and shouts from the Patrol, and tried the patience of the police to such an extent that they may have reason to be sorry hereafter. The crowding of some of the excursion boats was the cause of much anxiety to the police officials. A close watch was kept on two of three steamboats whose paddie-boxes appeared to dip dangerously as the crowds pressed to one side and tiked the boats over toward are yacht which was nearest to them. At the end of the race the Patrol's whistic joined in the chorus of appliance and every one the boat appeared to be tappy.

CROWDS ABOUT THE FORTS. SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DAY-THE SALE OF BEER STOPPED.

At Fort Hamilton and Fort Wardsworth dense crowds watched the start and then, when the yachts had disappeared in the mists, patiently awaited their return.

At Fort Wardsworth especially there was the greatest assemblage ever seen on such an occasion.

On every point of vantage there was a mass of human beings and their numbers were added to hourly by over-crowded railway and horse cars and vehicles of every description. Throughout the afternoon many ways of whiling away the time were resorted to. There were dozens of piculking parties and several "off-hand" baseball matches were arranged and played with rough and ready bats and balls. The wind gauge was anxiously consulted from time to time and field-glasses and telescopes were constantly levelled at the horizon. A number of refreshment venders had taken advantage of the opportunity to turn an "houset" penny. For a time lager beer drawn from the keg flowed penny. For a time lager beer drawn from the keg flowed merrily, but some jealousy among the stall-keepers caused the police to get wind of it and a squad arrived and stopped the sale of all but temperance drinks. When the rival yachts were first described coming home there was intense excitement. The cry "Volunteer wins" was quickly tagen up, and was known in a flash by every man, woman and child among the many thousands of onlookers. As the gnn was fired on the white sloop's victorious arrival a loud, deep sound, growing in intensity, was sent up from the steam whistles of the fleet clustered urbund the findshing point, and ascended like a prean of rejecting, to be taken up with answering cheers by the multitude on the bluffs. When the Volunteer's victory was beyond a doubt, a rush was made for cars and conveyances. There was much discomfort from over-crowding and lack of adequate accommodations. On the ferryboats there was the same disconfort—the old, old story of over-crowding.

EXPLAINING THE THISTLE'S DEFEAT. MR. BELL NOT AT ALL DOWNHEARTED-CAPTAIN BARR'S SUSPICIOUS HINTS.

As soon as the Thistie reached her anchorage at Tomp-kinsville Mr. Watson went ashore. Mr. Bell, Mr. Hilliard and the other members of the party were still on deck when a reporter went on board. They were standing in a group and talking over the fortunes of the day. The sailors were busy taking down the big mainsail.

Mr. Bell was not by any means downhearted over the Thistle's first serious defeat. He took it as the fortune of war and said "Better luck next time." His bearing was calculated to keep up the drooping spirits of all his fol-lowers, and there was a marked difference between his hearty "come-weal-come-woe" demeanor and that of poor Captain Barr, who was certainly a little down-

TOO FAR BEHIND TO CHEER GENERAL PAINS. "Mr. Bell, how was it you got into that calm off the Long Island shore right at the beginning!" asked the re-

"It was simply bad luck. We thought we would get to some wind over there."
"And why did you take that extra leg, which the Vol-

unteer did not take!"
"I don't know. Captain Barr thought that was the best, and it was acting in his judgment that that was

"It undoubtedly had something to do with it. The Volunteer got the best of us in that calm, and kept her advantage right through. I was only sorry I could not give General Paine a British cheer. I was too far betion which the Thistle of from the steamers when she came in. The whistling and cheering they gave us almost made up for the harm they did us before."

THE THISTLE TO BE EXAMINED. Captain Barr said he did not know what to make of it. We lost the race," he added, "and that's all." "And why did you lose!"

"And why was that?" "I cannot possibly account for it, except there is some thing the matter with her. I think there is something thing the matter with her bottom. She did not seem to me to do so well as she did even before she was put on the dock, and when her bottom was foul. I could tell by looking at the water that we were not going as fast as we have gone under similar circum-

stances." A by-stander here interjected the question: "You say there is something the matter with her bottom. Now are there any suspicious or any ground for suspicion that all is not right and that there has been some underhand work !"

The captain stroked his beard moodily and courteously replied: "We don't know; but we intend to see exactly

replied: We don't know; but we intend to see exactly what is wrong. Mr. Watson has gone to try to get a dock to put her into and to have her thoroughly overhanied before Thursday."

"Will you have time!"

"Oh. I think we'll manage. Now, I don't know whether it is so, but it is possible that something may be wrong with the paint. The like happened once before when we were racing the frex, off Rothesay on the Clyde. The Thistic was floated too soon after being docked and sailed badly for a day or two, till at last we found out that the paint had all gone into little air bubbles or scabs that roughened her sides and retarded her very much. And yet I thought that the paint was thoroughly dry this time before she was taken off the dock. It seemed to be quite hard and fast. No, really I don't know what to make of it. There is something wrong with the boat, and," he concluded despondently, "unless it's set right there isn't much use trying again."

"What was your object in taking that extra leg at the beginning of to-day's race!" asked the reporter.

"It was simply because we thought we could get some wind in there."

DELAYED BY EXCURSION BOATS. The Thistle's officers and men were all indignant at the ex cursion steamers, which they said had interfered with them considerably. Captain Barr said: "They bothered us terribly. None of them came in our way, it is true; but we got their wash from the beginning to the end. The washings came from both sides and in font as well." "Charlie" Barr, the skipper's younger brother, who We'll have to bring a gunboat next time we come

"We'll have to bring a gunboat next time we come across to keep the course clear! This has been our Flodden: but never mind—Eannockburn's to come."
Mate Aleck McKennie said glumly: "This has been a gey bad day for us; but never mind, we'll pay them hot for this yet."

"Yes indeed, it's been a bad day," said a Thistie supporter who was abourd with Scotland's emblem in his nutronhole. "See, my thistie's withered."

"Hoot toot," quoth Captain Kerr ebeerily. "It's surely no withered yet. Time enough for that when we canna mend matters."

Captain Barr held the tiller of the Thistie all through for a little by Mr. Hilliard, Mr. Hilliard was of the opinion that the Thistie had actually sailed better before she got to the line than after she started.

Mr. Bell and his party dined in the evening on the yacht Mystery.

THE VICTORY QUIETLY CELEBRATED.

THE VICTORY QUIETLY CELEBRATED. The victorious Volunieer was snug at her anchorage off Bay Ridge long before the Thistle got up to hers at Tompkinsville. General Faine, Designer Burgess and party went ashore immediately and proceeded to the city on the 6:40 boat. The General's friends and guests were George Richards, Dr. Bryant, Joseph R. Bush, of the Mischief; E. A. Willard, Joseph Fay and Mr. Wylie,

of the Thistle, who represented the Royal Clyde Yacht Club.

Latham A. Fish, who was on board the Thistie on behalf of the Cup Committee, arrived at the Volunteer shortly after she anchored, and tendered his congratulations.

shortly after she anchored, and tendered his congratulations.

When a reporter visited her he found everyone "happy
and glorious," as the song says. But the exultation was
subined and there were no undue expressions of joy.
On the contrary everyone concerned was very quiet,
and, as it was Captain Harr's turn to be reserved. He is too
good a soaman and too good a sportsman te halloo before
he is out of the wood. At the same time he was calmly
confident. Said he in talking of the race:

"After we made that first spurt there was no uneasiness on board. We felt that we had the race."

Like Captain Barr he complained of being
"blanketed" by the big steamers, especially after passing the Thistle.

"When we got the lead," he said, "they sometimes
came so close to us that their wash swept over our deck,
I signalled to them to keep back, and they would obey it
for the turn and get right back again soon. I believe
they made me lose several mixutes on the final reach."

Some of the crew who were commenting on the day's
proceedings referred to the fact that when the Thistle
tacked to starboard the Volunteer, which was on the
port tack, continued on her course. They were inclined
to think that the Thistle tacked to starboard with the
hope that the Volunteer would follow suit and so allow

the scoten yant to get 50 windward of her. Volunteer's boys were surprised at the Thistic poorly in weather and to be favorable to her can beat her in this, remarked one of them, "we fear very much but that we can beat her in anything the term of the New-York Yacht Club in General Paine was the hero of the hour. Ho, informal reception and was the centre of a centusiasts well-wishers, who again and again "Continued success to the Younteer and her owner."

QUIET REJOICING IN THE CITY. CROWDS ABOUT THE NEWSPAPER BULLETINS-IN

HOTELS AND CLUBS. Long before the bulletins announced that the race had begun crowds gathered around The Tribune office waiting for news, and studied the chart of the course which had been placed in the front window nearest to the corner of Spince st. This chart greatly aided the inquiring multitude in understanding the progress of the contest. The popular s mpathy was evidently the contest. The popular s mpathy was evidently largely on the side of the Volunteer, yet not one in ten expected anything else but a victory for the Thistic.

"This is Thistie weather," said everybody.

"The Scotch will bent us to-day, but Thursday when they go outside we will beat the Scotch." This was

the general sentiment. bulletin was posted up announcing that after passing the Thistle the Volunteer was gradually increasing her lend it was amusing to watch the changing expression of the crowd. There was no exultant out-break of delight, but the quiet, satisfied smile which overspread the faces of the watchers told plainer than words how pleasant to them a victory for the Yankee sloop would be—a victory not expected but none the

less welcome.

"Them Sandles have no business with Yankee slip pers." broke out a hard-fisted yeoman who had watched

the bulletins for an hour.
"No," replied his next neighbor, a young fellow who had apparently stopped on an errand. "I'll bet Cap-tain Haff and his crew could take the Thistic and beat their own boat with her if the Scotchmen sailed her.'

As the minutes rolled by and each succeeding report
made more certain the success of the American boat, the crowd became a little more demonstrative, but it was of the thorough American kind and showed no

was of the thorough American and and showed he disposition to exult over a failen foe. The crowd was la-gely reinforced by people on their way home from their various employments.

"Isn't it grand!" exclaimed a young lady who had stopped a moment on her way to the Bridge to read the bulletins. And she expressed the universal feeling. It was grand, and all the grander because of the strong impression which has prevailed that the Thistie would win this time. Finally when the last announcement was made, "The Yankee Volunteer of our generation whips them again!" there was nothing more to be desired, and the throng which had confronted the builetin-boards for hours quietly dispersed, beaming

Every newspaper bulletin-board had charge of the pulses of a big crowd during the race. Perhaps the gatherings were not so large as they were during the great race last year, but they were too great for the comfort of any one in a hurry along Park Row. Strady interest was manifested in the race, and from the start the crowds scemed to be quietly confident that the Volunteer would win. When the bulletins began to pour in announcing the Volunteer's steady inc. ease of lead the confidence of the crowd rippled into smiles, and then everybody became reminiscent. Here and there in the various throngs were a rew Sessimen who were good-naturedly submitting to the bantering of their priends.

were good naturely state that the result of the triends.

"There is no wind, you see," said one Scot, explaining the poor showing of the Thistie, "and of course she can't win."

"Yes," replied his friend, "but a day of no wind was just what the Thistie hoped for."

"Thon," answered the man from Scotland laughingly, "I am winded and probably Scotland is, too, in the first round. Let's smite."

THE RACE MAKES DOWN-TOWN BUSINESS DULL. Business at the principal exchanges was somewhat restricted by the absorbing interest in the yacht race, out the transactions at both the Stock Exchange and the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange were

targer than had been generally expected. A good many brokers were absent from the Street, of course, out others who might be supposed to take a large inout others who might be supposed to take a large interest in the contest were apparently unable to get away. Cammodore Bateman was on the Street, and it was explained that the Meteor had gone out of commission. The Goulds, with Russel Sage and other friends, were on the Atalanta, but Washington E. Connor watched the race through the medium of a news tape. H. Victor Newcombe scenned to be more microsted in the stock market than in the race, and others less conspicuous in Wall Street affairs were contented to remain in the city. Most of them had let fine Street before the result of the race was announced, out the success of the American yacht was conceded long before the race was ended.

Even the halls of justice were comparatively deserted. Lawyers who had motions to make or orders to be signed or papers to be filed effert deferred business must the morrow or sent office boys to the Court House to represent them, and went off to see the yacht race. The clerks of the various courts had it the to do, as a role, except to discuss the news from the Lower Bay, as from time to time they learned what the builetins were saying. As it became more and more evident that the American yacht would win rejoicing became general among them, and when the hour for coosing came they shut their desks with a ritumphant bang and hastened to join the throng in front of the newspaper offices and scan the latest returns.

Only a few of the clerks in the Federal Building terest in the contest were apparently unable to get

only a few of the clerks in the Federal Building
went on some of the numerous steamers which followed
the competing yachts. The building were watched
with expenses by those wap remained in town, and with eagerness by those who remained in fown, and each newcomer to the offices was asked for the latest news from the race. The varying fortunes of the yachts kept the interest alive throughout the afternoon hours. The District-Autorney's dice was almost neserted, but the Democratic State Convention rather than the yacht race was responsible for the duliness there.

MAYOR HEWITT STOPS WRITING LETTERS. The universal interest felt in the race extended to the City Hall and all the departments of the city gov-

the City Hall and all the departments of the city government. The Mayor found time to look up form his writing and ask, "Which yacht is leading I" and when told it was the Volunteer he expressed great satisfaction.

Controller Loew pointed to a mass of unsigned warrants and other papers which required examination, and said: "These prevented my witnessing the race, I had an intention of going on the steam yacht of a friend, but I am compelled to remain here. Who is aboad?" He was told that the Volunteer had not lost the commanding leaf she obtained soon after the race began. "Weil, I admire the pinck of the Scotchman," he said, "but, of course, I am giad that the cup is to remain here as an ovidence that we still can build the factest yachts of all nations."

GENERAL PAINE RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS.

At the house of the New-York Yacht Club in Madison-

At the house of the New-York Yacht Club in Madison-ave, many of the members dropped in during the evening to interchange congratulations and otherwise manifest their jubilation. The completeness of the victory had exceeded their wildest anticipations as a

manifest their jubilation. The completeness of the victory had exceeded their wildest anticipations as a general rule, and while expressing admiration for the handing of both yachts, they were especially warm in their praise for all connected with the Volunter. General Paine spent some time at the club-house and received with modesty the warm felicitations of the members of the club. His eye was bright and his carriage erect, and as he interchanged a few words with those who shook him by the hand a plen-ant smile lighted up his fee. To a reporter he said:

"The result astonished me—that is to say, I did not think it altogether probable. I expected to win but was not confident."

"When ded you first begin to feel confident of the result during the said!" was asked.

"About one minute and a half after the start," replied General Paine. "When the Thistle tae, of it was a confession of defeat. From that time to the end there was no doubt."

Commodore James D. Smith presented to General Paine in person the following note which he was about to send to him when the General appeared at the club:

"I avail myself of this early moment to thank you personally for the magnificent victory of to-dax. Yachtsmen of America John me in this expression. The people of America will join in the wildest acclaim.

General Charles K. Graham, who returned from the Getty-sburg battlefield last night after having made arrangements there for the dedication of the monument of the 14th Eegiment of Brooklyn, to take place on October 19, said that he had known General Paine when the latter commanded a brigade in the Army of the James during the war, and from what he know of him was not surprised at his present victory.

GLOOM A.1 THE CALEDONIAN CLUB.

It was rather a gloomy crowd that gathered on the stens of No. 10 Heratlost, last night, discussed the

It was rather a gloomy crowd that gathered on the steps of No. 10 Heratio-st. last night, discussed the relative merits of the Thistle and Volunteer. They were members of the Caledonian Club, and in answer to a reporter's inquiries only one man deigned to speak at

were members of the Caledonian Club, and in answer to a reportr's inquiries only one man deigned to speak at flist. "Yes," he said, as he rubbed his nose ructuity, "we were going to have a drectors' meeting of our club to-night, but you see all of the men went off our the steamer we had chartered for the race, and since then they have kept themselves at home. I con't blame them for wanting to stay away. But then, that is the first of the races, and none of our men bet very heavify upon it."

Just then a sensation was caused by the appearance of one of the noble 300 "Caledonians" who stuce by the Thistle.

"Well, Davey, what did you think of the race?" inquired one of the men.

"Think! Why I nover was more surprised in my life. Why that Volunteer will walk away with a first took toward Staten Island. The Volunteer dichn't tack, but sailed right straight ahead while the other was turning around. I shall bet all the rest of my money on the Volunteer."

The artistic barroom of the Hoffman House was crowded all the evening with enthusiastic admirers of the Volunteer, and a number of the Thistie's adherents who, judging from appearances, had not lost all faith in the Clyde cutter. They accepted good-naturedy the boastui chaffing of the Americans and diank the success of the bounde Thistie as heartly as even. A service of the crowds was the prevalence of yachting feature of the crowds was the prevalence of yachting that the Hoffman House.

A party of diagusted-leoking Canadians gathered in the Hoffman House.

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The artistic band Apollinaris water. They had little ginger alo and Apollinaris water. They had little ginger alo and Apollinaris water. They had little in thoir eyes which suggests deep and painful medite.